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ARIZONA  
By Albert L. Groll  
Winner of Gold Medal at Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition



# BRUSH AND PENCIL

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## THE RECENT WORK OF ALBERT L. GROLL

Those who delight in the development of American art on strictly American lines will be pleased to learn that Albert L. Groll, one of the most talented and progressive of our younger painters, has again gone this year to the wilds of Arizona in quest of fresh material for his brush. His trip last year was productive of little less than a new note in our national art, and one may safely predict that his sojourn in the West this summer will be no less fruitful of results. Some years ago an appreciative article on Mr. Groll was published in *BRUSH AND PENCIL*, but this dealt mainly with his earlier work. The reader will welcome these notes respecting his later attainments, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the *The Craftsman*.

Painters of landscape are beginning at last to realize that riches hitherto undreamed of await them in the Western plains. The picture which received the gold medal at the exhibition this year of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was "Arizona," a painting by Mr. Groll. It is only a stretch of desert and sky and low-lying hills, but it glows like a gem with the indescribable, never-to-be-forgotten color of the Colorado Desert. To people who know nothing of the West except by description, the purple hills, copper and golden wastes of sand, dull grayish patches of sage-brush and mesquite, and pitiless, burning blue sky, seem like the exaggeration of extreme impressionism, but to those familiar with the



ALBERT L. GROLL  
From a Photograph

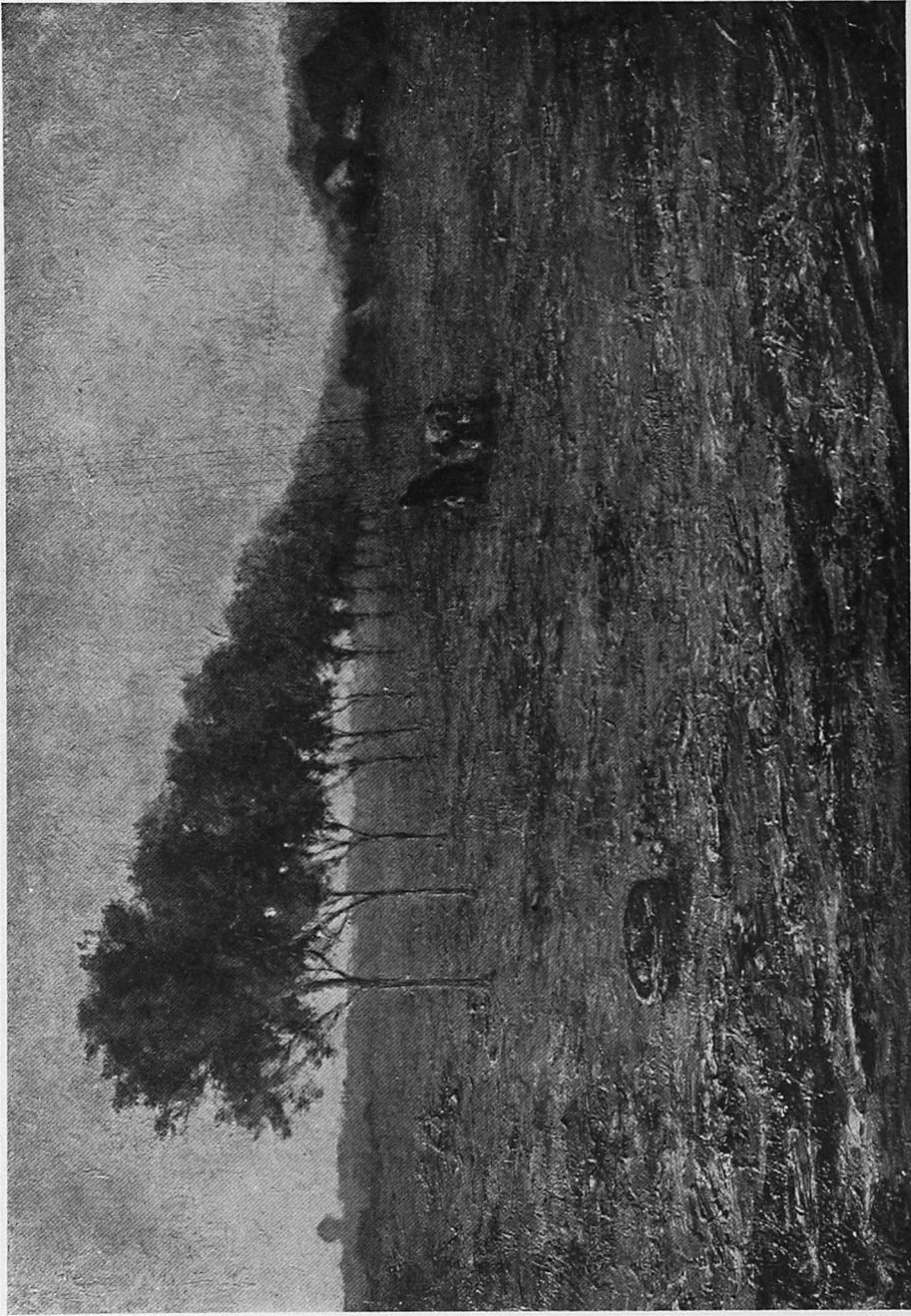
desert, the blaze of color that dominates the picture almost to the exclusion of a sense of form is absolute realism, strictest fidelity to fact.

Closely following the Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia, a private exhibition of Mr. Groll's work was given at the Schaus art gallery in New York. Here was shown an interesting group of the desert pictures, together with other examples of the artist's more familiar work in the



GLIMPSE OF THE VILLAGE  
By Albert L. Groll

East. These earlier paintings show the awaking of perception and power of expression that has enabled him to depict so vividly the very heart of the West. They are studies of the familiar atmospheric effects of dawn, twilight, moonlight, mist, sunshine, starlight,—every mood and change of the day as it is seen at Cape Cod, Sandy Hook, Provincetown, or in Prospect Park and the urban and sophisticated Central Park. One especially noteworthy picture is as characteristic of night in the East as "Arizona" is of noon-day in the West. It bears the name of "The Milky Way," and was awarded a silver medal by the International jury at the St. Louis Exposition. The canvas shows simply a stretch of sand dunes at Provincetown—gray and mysterious under a night sky thickly sown with stars. That is all, and yet there is majesty and mystery—the feeling of the cool, quiet night and of the near sea lying tranquil under the stars. The strange gloaming light is so clear in its darkness that details seem to take shape under a steady gaze, as



THE GLEANERS  
By Albert L. Groll





HARMONY IN SILVER  
By Albert L. Groll





when the eyes become so used to the gloom that dimly-seen objects grow visible. The canvas is one of Groll's most effective pictures.

It was because of his feeling for the subdued atmospheric effects of the East that the artist friends of Mr. Groll were inclined to think that his decision to go to the desert of Arizona and New Mexico last year would be merely a waste of time. Mr. Groll felt himself that his journey to the West meant only a much-needed vacation, but his first glimpse of



THE EVENING HOUR

By Albert L. Groll

the desert, with its low-lying, almost monotonous forms and its flaming colors, set him almost feverishly at work lest he should lose something of the miracle of this new world that awaited an interpreter. He worked constantly for the three months of his stay, bringing home innumerable sketches and suggestions, and some finished pictures.

To all except a very few, the Arizona Desert has remained an undiscovered country to landscape artists, and any true picturing of it seems like glimpses of another world. Mr. Groll's virile handling of his colors, while it never oversteps the bounds which divide truth from exaggeration, is yet startling in its daring. In "The Sandstorm" is an example of this fearlessness that is more striking even than in the tiny canvases that glow like flames with untempered purples, coppers, vermilions and blues. The air is filled with the whirling sand, sucked up in great sheets by the

wind, and in this cloud is all the color of the desert showing through the dun shadow of the flying sand — and a part of it. A glimpse of low purple hills is in the background, and the deep blue sky is felt, rather than seen, above and through the sand-cloud. Flaming sunlight filters through everything, increasing, rather than softening, the menace of the storm. This canvas is a picture more remarkable, possibly, than pleasing.



STARLIGHT ON THE BAY

By Albert L. Groll

Another remarkable effect is obtained in "The Rising Sandstorm," where the light is less obscured, but where the sense of terror and resistless power is even greater, because more subtle and imaginative. Still more daring is "The Rainbow"—such a rainbow as is never seen except in the mercilessly clear air of the desert. It is no gracious, delicately-tinted arch, but the end of a straight, many-colored flame, of which the upper end is lost in a lowering storm-cloud. The desert is shown in all its moods, placid or savage, bold or mellow, and to this visitor of three short months it gave up the secrets of its strange charm, withheld from painters for so many years.

Mr. Groll is still in the early thirties. Of German descent, he is a New Yorker by birth. Most of his student years were spent in Munich, where he paid much more attention to figure painting than to landscape. His preference, however, gradually turned more and more in the direction





A VILLAGE IN PENNSYLVANIA  
By Albert L. Groll





THE SAND STORM  
By Albert L. Groll



of landscape, both because it was more in the line of natural expression for him, and also for the more material reason that, in the early days of his struggles for recognition, there came a time when he could not afford models for figure pieces. Like most troubles and deprivations, this was a blessing under a somewhat harsh disguise, for it forced the young artist to find his models in the trees and rivers, hills and fields, where all beauty is free to him who has eyes to see, and so he came to his own.

ADAPTED FOR BRUSH AND PENCIL.



EXAMPLES OF STUDENTS' DESIGNING  
Art Institute, Chicago

## KURTZ VS. FRY AND THE CLEANING OF PICTURES

Readers of Dr. Charles M. Kurtz's published criticism, who have been perturbed by his widely discussed account of the havoc wrought among the pictorial treasures of the Metropolitan museum, New York, by the vandal hand of the new curator, Mr. Fry, may cheer up. In his main instance the critic seems to have been merely voicing a personal preference, in the others to have been badly mistaken about his facts. Thousands of Americans not New Yorkers have an affectionate interest in the Metropolitan museum. With such a visit to Manhattan involves as a matter of duty and pleasure a visit to the museum, and a few hours well spent among its treasures. They are a national possession. What must have been the consternation, then, of readers when told that this unconscionable Curator Fry, in his unhallowed zeal for scouring and renovating,



THE SILVER MOON  
By Albert L. Groll





A BIT OF SANDY HOOK  
By Albert L. Groll

